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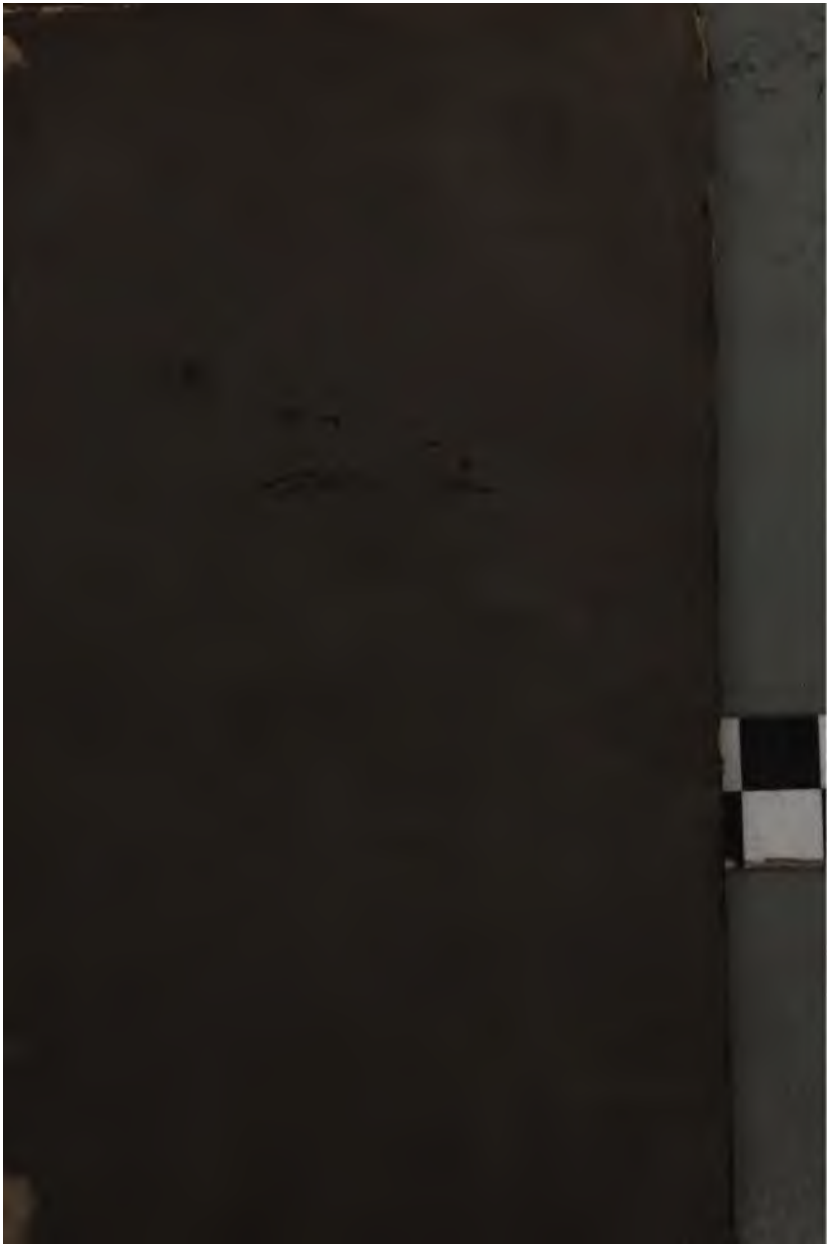

83 BEWICK.—Goldsmith's (Oliver) Poetical Works, with Life, *illustrated with* WOODCUTS *by* BEWICK, 12mo. *bds. very scarce,* *Glocester*, 1809

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

WITH THE

## LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

*EMBELLISHED WITH WOOD CUTS, BY T. BEWICK.*

" And all the village train, from labour free,
" Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree."

DES. VIL. P. 44.


Gloucester

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1809.

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# THE LIFE

OF

# OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M.B.

OUR Author was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. After being well instructed in the classics, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June 1744. While he resided there, he exhibited no specimens of that genius, which, in his maturer years, raised his character so high. On the 27th of February 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time) he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after, he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic; and, after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that University. His beneficent disposition soon involved him in unexpected difficulties; and he was obliged precipitately to leave Scotland, in consequence of having engaged himself to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow-student.

A few days after, about the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland, near Newcastle, where he was arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a tailor in

Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. By the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the College, he was soon delivered out of the hands of the bailiff, and took his passage on board a Dutch ship to Rotterdam, whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to Brussels. He then visited great part of Flanders; and, after passing some time at Strasbourg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Physic, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva.

It is undoubtedly a fact, that this ingenious, unfortunate man, made most part of his tour on foot. He had left England with very little money; and, being of a philosophical turn, and at that time possessing a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified by danger, he became an enthusiast to the design he had formed of seeing the manners of different countries. He had some knowledge of the French language, and of music: he played tolerably well on the German flute; which, from an amusement, became at some times the means of subsistence. His learning produced him an hospitable reception at most of the religious houses that he visited; and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall," he used to say, "I played one of my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day: but, IN TRUTH," (his constant expression,) "I must own, whenever I attempted to entertain persons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them."

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S------, a pawnbroker, near Holborn. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on receipt of his fortune determined to see the world; and, on his engaging with his preceptor, made a proviso, that he should be permitted to govern himself—and our traveller soon found his pupil understood the art of directing in money concerns extremely well, as avarice was his prevailing passion.

During Goldsmith's continuance in Switzerland, he assiduously cultivated his poetical talent—of which he had given some striking proofs at the College of Edinburgh; and it was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called *The Traveller*, to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland.

From Geneva, Mr. Goldsmith and his pupil proceeded to the south of France, where the young man, upon some disagreement with his preceptor, paid him the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer was left once more upon the world at large, and passed through a number of difficulties in traversing the greatest part of France. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the winter, in the year 1758.

His finances were so low on his return to England, that he with difficulty got to the metropolis, his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence. An entire stranger in London, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He applied to several

apothecaries, in hopes of being received in the capacity of a journeyman; but his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, occasioned him to meet with insult from most of the medicinal tribe. The next day, however, a chymist near Fish-street-hill, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity of his manner, took him into his laboratory, where he continued till he discovered that his old friend Dr. Sleigh was in London. That gentleman received him with the warmest affection, and liberally invited him to share his purse till some establishment could be procured for him. Goldsmith, unwilling to be a burden to his friend, a short time after eagerly embraced an offer which was made him to assist the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in instructing the young gentlemen at the academy at Peckham; and acquitted himself greatly to the Doctor's satisfaction for a short time; but, having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, engaged him in the compilation of it; and, resolving to pursue the profession of writing, he returned to London, as the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward. Here he determined to adopt a plan of the strictest œconomy, and, at the close of the year 1759, took lodgings in Green-Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. The late Mr. Newbery, who, at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became a kind of patron to our young author, and introduced him, at a salary of 100*l.* a year, as one of the writers in the Public Ledger, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared, under the title of "Chinese Letters."

Fortune now seemed to take some notice of a man she had long neglected.

The simplicity of his character, the integrity of his heart, and the merit of his productions, made his company very acceptable to a number of respectable persons; and, about the middle of the year 1762, he emerged from his mean apartments near the Old Bailey, to a decent lodging in Wine-office Court, Fleet-street, dropped the plain *Mister*, dubbed himself *Doctor*, and was afterwards commonly known and addressed as Dr. Goldsmith. In 1764, he removed his abode to the Inner Temple, where he took handsome chambers, and lived in a genteel style. Among many other persons of distinction who were desirous to know him, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to shew a striking trait in his character. "I was invited," said the Doctor, "by my friend Percy, to wait upon the Duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and, after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded on to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his Grace. They shewed me into an antichamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman very elegantly dressed made his appearance; taking him for the Duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment, and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I

wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the Duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

The Doctor, at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances—but, vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of the ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage: he wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the Doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his Lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait: he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-mall, in their way *to his Lordship*, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the Doctor from captivity.

The publication of his *Traveller*, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, and his *History of England*, was followed by the performance of his comedy of *The Good-Natured Man*, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and placed him in the first rank of the poets of the present age.

The Doctor had a constant levee of his distressed countrymen, whose wants, as far as he was able, he always relieved; and he has often been known to leave

himself even without a guinea, in order to supply the necessities of others.

Another feature in his character we cannot help laying before the reader. Previous to the publication of his *Deserted Village*, the bookselier had given him a note for one hundred guineas for the copy, which the Doctor mentioned, a few hours after, to one of his friends, who observed it was a very great sum for so short a performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is much more than the honest man can afford, or the piece is worth; I have not been easy since I received it; I will therefore go back and return him his note;" which he actually did, and left it entirely to the bookseller to pay him according to the profits produced by the sale of the poem, which turned out to be very considerable.

The Doctor did not, however, reap a profit from his poetical labours equal to those of his prose. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the Doctor his neglecting the muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories, and write novels? The Doctor replied, "My Lord, by courting the muses, I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life."

During the last rehearsal of his comedy, intituled, *She Stoops to Conquer*, which Mr. Colman thought would not succeed, on the Doctor's objecting to the repetition of one of Tony Lumpkin's speeches, being apprehensive it might injure the play, the manager, with great keenness replied, "Psha, my dear Doctor,

do not be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a *barrel of gunpowder*." The piece, nevertheless, contrary to Mr. Colman's expectation, was received with uncommon applause by the audience; and Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the severity of the above observation, that it entirely put an end to his friendship for the gentleman who made it.

The last work of this ingenious Author, was *An History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, in 8 vols 8vo — for which production his bookseller paid him 850*l*. The Doctor, who seems to have considered attentively the works of the several authors who have wrote on this subject, professes to have had a taste rather classical than scientific, and it was in the study of the classics that he first caught the desire of attaining a knowledge of nature. Pliny first inspired him, and he resolved to translate that agreeable writer, and, by the help of a commentary, to make his translation acceptable to the public. The appearance of Mr. Buffon's work, however, induced the Doctor to change his plan; and instead of translating an ancient writer, he resolved to imitate the last and best of the modern, who had written on natural history.

Notwithstanding the great success of his pieces— by some of which, it is asserted, upon good authority, that he cleared 1800*l*. in one year—his circumstances were by no means in a prosperous situation! partly owing to the liberality of his disposition, and partly to an unfortunate habit he had contracted of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted, and consequently became the prey of those who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance.

Just before his death, he had formed a design for executing an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, the *Prospectus* of which he actually printed and distributed among his acquaintance. In this work, several of his literary friends (particularly Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Garrick) had promised to assist, and to furnish him with articles upon different subjects. He had entertained the most sanguine expectations from the success of it. The undertaking, however, did not meet with that encouragement from the booksellers which he had imagined it would undoubtedly receive; and he used to lament this circumstance almost to the last hour of his existence.

He had been for some years afflicted, at different times, with a violent stranguary, which contributed not a little to embitter the latter part of his life; and which, united with the vexations he suffered on other occasions, brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this unhappy condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which terminated in his dissolution, on the 4th day of April 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster-Abbey: His pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Hon. Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but this design was dropped, on account of the very embarrassed state of his affairs, (it being found that he owed not less than 2000*l.*) and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial-ground, on Saturday the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelley, Messrs. John and Robert Day, the Rev. Joseph Pal-

mer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes—gentlemen who had been his friends in life—attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, has since been raised by his friends, to defray the expence of a marble monument, which is now executed by Mr. Nollikens, an eminent statuary in London, and placed in Westminster-Abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in Poet's Corner. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a very good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments, underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following Latin inscription, written by his excellent friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:

*OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,*
POETÆ. PHYSICI. HISTORICI.
QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT,
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT,
SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LACRYMÆ.
AFFECTUUM POTENS AT LENIS DOMINATOR,
INGENIO SUBLIMIS—VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS VENUSTUS.
HOC MONUMENTUM MEMORIAM COLUIT,
SODALIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS HIBERNIA FORNIÆ LONFORDIENSIS,
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
ERLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,
OBIIT LONDINI,
APRIL IV. MDCCLXXIV.

TRANSLATION.

This Monument is raised
To the Memory of
*OLIVER GOLDSMITH,*
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian,
Who left no species of Writing untouched, or unadorned,
By his Pen,
Whether to move Laughter, or draw Tears:
He was a powerful Master over the Affections,
Though, at the same time, a gentle Tyrant;
Of a Genius at once sublime, lively, and equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble, pure, and delicate.
His Memory
Will last as long as Society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And Reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the Kingdom of Ireland, at Fernes,
In the Province of Leinster,
Where Pallas had set her Name,
Nov. 29, 1731.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
April 4, 1774.

As to Doctor Goldsmith's character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. Pope's line,

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

The learned leisure he loved to enjoy, was too often interrupted by distresses which arose from the openness of his temper, and which sometimes threw him into loud fits of passion; but this impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and his servants have been known upon these occasions purposely to throw themselves in his way, that they might profit by it immediately after, for he who had the good fortune to be reproved, was certain of being rewarded for it. His disappointments, at other times, made him peevish and sullen; and he has often left a party of convivial friends abruptly in the evening, in order to go home and brood over his misfortunes.

The universal esteem in which his poems are held, and the repeated pleasure they give in the perusal, are striking proofs of their merit. He was a studious and correct observer of nature, happy in the selection of his images, in the choice of his subjects, and in the harmony of his versification; and, though his embarrassed situation prevented him from putting the last hand to some of his productions, his *Hermit*, his *Traveller*, and his *Deserted Village*, bid fair to claim a place among the most finished pieces in the English language.

---

EPITAPH ON DR. GOLDSMITH,

BY W. WOTY.

ADIEU, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Those form'd to charm even vicious minds---and these,
With harmless mirth, the social soul to please.
Another's woe, thy heart could always melt---
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu!---thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes---these survive to time's remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain---
But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

THE

# TRAVELLER;

OR,

## A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

A POEM.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXV.

" Here, for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
" Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind—
" Like yon neglected ſhrub, at random caſt,
" That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt."

Traveller, p. 24.

TO THE

# REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

*I AM ſenſible that the friendſhip between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuſe thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own: But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inſcribed to you. It will alſo throw a light upon many parts of it, when the Reader underſtands, that it is addreſſed to a man, who, deſpiſing fame and fortune, has retired early to happineſs and obſcurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.*

*I now perceive, my dear Brother, the wiſdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a ſacred office, where the harveſt is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harveſt not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumſtanced, perhaps that which purſues Poetical fame is the wildeſt. What from the increaſed refinement of the times, from the diverſity of judgments, produced by oppoſing ſyſtems of criticiſm, and from the more prevalent diviſions of opinion influenced by party, the ſtrongeſt and happieſt efforts can expect to pleaſe but in a very narrow circle.*

*Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Muſic come in for a ſhare: And as theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival Poetry, and at length ſupplant her—they engroſs all that favour once ſhewn to her, and, though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birth-right.*

*Yet, however this Art may be neglected by the powerful, it is ſtill in greater danger from the miſtaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticiſms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verſe, and Pindaric odes—choruſſes, anapeſts, and iambics—alliterative care and*

*happy negligence! Every abſurdity has now a champion to defend it, and, as he is generally much in the wrong, ſo he has always much to ſay—for error is ever talkative.*

*But there is an enemy to this Art ſtill more dangerous—I mean Party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. When the mind is once infected with this diſeaſe, it can only find pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the Reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such Readers generally admire ſome half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one: Him they dignify with the name of Poet—his tawdry lampoons are called ſatires, his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his phrenzy fire.*

*What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhew, that there may be equal happineſs in ſtates that are differently governed from our own—that every ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs—and that this principle in each may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge better than yourſelf how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this Poem.*

*I am, dear Sir,*

*Your moſt affectionate Brother,*

*OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

THE

# *TRAVELLER;*

OR,

## A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte, expanding to the ſkies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my Brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian-ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot where cheerful gueſts retire
To pauſe from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire—
Bleſt that abode where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair—
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts, with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around

Laugh at the jeſts, or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale,
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent, and care
Impell'd with ſteps unceaſing to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down, a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high, above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forelts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale—
For me your tributary ſtores combine—
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure—counts, recounts it o'er—
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man ſupplies;
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall—
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wand'ring hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own,
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave:
Such is the patriot's boaſt where'er we roam,
His firſt, beſt country, ever is at home;
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind—
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their bleſſings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call:

With food as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky-creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From Art, more various are the bleſſings ſent—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt—
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails:
Hence every ſtate, to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms, and models life to that alone;
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends,
Till, carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind—
Like yon neglected ſhrub, at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.

Far to the right, where Apennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands, ſloping, deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the ſcene.

Could Nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt:
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die—
Theſe, here diſporting, own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.

But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here:
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign—
Though poor, luxurious—though ſubmiſſive, vain—
Though grave, yet trifling—zealous, yet untrue—
And ev'n in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence, departed, leaves behind;
For wealth was their's—nor far remov'd the date
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learnt to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvaſs glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form—
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave;
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill,
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupply'd
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;

From theſe, the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love—
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe, are all their cares beguil'd—
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind—
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There, in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul turn from them; turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſions tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and ſteel—the ſoldier and his ſword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, ev'n here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall,
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal:
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den, where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day:
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down, the monarch of a ſhed,
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze—
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, ſome pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And ev'n thoſe ills that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies:
Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And, as a child, when fearing ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd—
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.

Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due—
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure, when redreſt.
Whence, from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe pow'rs that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame:
Their level life is but a ſmould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by ſtrong deſire,
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On ſome high feſtival of once a-year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliſs expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow—
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low;
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run,
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart:
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cow'ring on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
Theſe, far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France diſplays her bright domain:
Gay, ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,

How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And, freſhen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch, falt'ring ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill,
Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour:
Alike all ages—Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burthen of fourſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay—
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away;
Their's are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here—
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current—paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land;
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd—they give, to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſofter art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe,
For praiſe too dearly lov'd or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought;
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans, for all pleaſure, on another's breaſt;
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;

Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a-year—
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep, where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride:
Onward, methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore:
While the pent ocean, riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile—
The ſlow canal, the yellow-bloſſom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation reſcued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence, all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itſelf is barter'd here!

At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies—
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow—
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpis glide.
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray,
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind:
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by,
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd, freſh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul—
While ev'n the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear:
Too bleſt, indeed, were ſuch without alloy,
But, foſter'd ev'n by freedom, ills annoy—

'That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordlings ſtand alone,
All pleaſures that bind and ſweeten life, unknown:
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds equal minds, repelling and repell'd;
Contending wills, imperfect'd factions roar,
Rapacious ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore—
Till, wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motions ſtop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nay this the worſt. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law—
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence, all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, ſtript of all her charms,
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One dark of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die!
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them—to ſecure;

For juſt experience tells in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil,
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each;
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home—
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And, thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force.
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore!
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,

And, over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe!
Have we not ſeen, at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall!
Beheld the duteous ſon, the fire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes—a melancholy train—
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main,
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound!

E'en now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Thro' tangled foreſts, and thro' dang'rous ways,
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a fond look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine!

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centers in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure!
Still to ourſelves, in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy:

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

" As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
" Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
" There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
" The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed,
" And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
" Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile."

Traveller, p. 26.

THE

# DESERTED VILLAGE.

## *A POEM.*

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXIX.

" How often have I paus'd on every charm—
" The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
" The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
" The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill."
Deſerted Village, p. 41.

TO

# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

*I CAN have no expectations in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that Art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgment, as few have a juſter taſte in Poetry than you. Setting intereſt therefore aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only Dedication I ever made, was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt other men. He is ſince dead—Permit me to inſcribe this Poem to you.*

*How far you may be pleaſed with the verification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire; but I know you will object (and indeed ſeveral of our beſt and wiſeſt friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be ſeen, and the diſorders it laments are only to be found in the Poet's own imagination. To this I can ſcarce make any other anſwer than that I ſincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all poſſible pains, in my country excurſions, for theſe four or five years paſt, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe thoſe miſeries real, which I here attempt to diſplay. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry whether the country be depopulating or not: the diſcuſſion would take up much room, and I ſhould prove myſelf, at beſt, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long Poem.*

*In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh againſt the increaſe of our luxuries; and here alſo I expect the ſhout of modern politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the great national advantages; and*

*all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates, by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, ſo much has been poured out of late on the other ſide of the queſtion, that, merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right.*

*I am, dear Sir,*

*Your ſincere friend, and ardent admirer,*

*OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

THE

# *DESERTED VILLAGE.*

[The Author writes this Poem in the character of a native of a country village, to which he gives the name of AUBURN—He proceeds to contraſt the innocence and happineſs of a ſimple and natural ſtate, with the miſeries and vices that have been introduced by poliſhed life—The beautiful deſcription of the Pariſh Prieſt, was probably intended for a picture of his brother Henry, to whom he dedicates The TRAVELLER. —The reſt of the Poem conſiſts of the character of the Village School-maſter; a deſcription of the Village Alehouſe; a deſcant on the miſchiefs of Luxury and Wealth; the variety of Artificial Pleaſures; and the miſeries of thoſe who, for want of employment at home, are driven to ſettle new colonies abroad.]

SWEET Auburn, loveliеſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain;
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſport could pleaſe,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene:
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,

The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made—
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree;
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleights of art, and feats of ſtrength went round;
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove—
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village; ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught ev'n toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—but all theſe charms are fled.

Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green;
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow-ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land!

Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more—
His beſt companions, innocence and health,
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd—trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repoſe—
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Theſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more!

Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's pow'r:
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain!

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe:
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt he flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine,
How bleſt is he who crowns, in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe;
There, as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind—
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail—
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale—
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy fluſh of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden-flower grows wild—

There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe:
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place:
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe—
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrows done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learnt to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all—
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood: At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray:
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile;
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven—
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſides yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool:
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view—
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he;

Full well the buſy whiſper, circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or, if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could guage;
In arguing too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For even tho' vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill;
While words of learned length and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around;
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.
But paſt is all his fame: The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot!
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd;
Where village ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendors of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpin boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay;

While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhow,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.
Vain tranſitory ſplendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair,
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail;
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup, to paſs it to the reſt.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmoleſted, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd—
In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſure ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart, diſtruſting, aſks if this be joy.
Ye friends to truth—ye ſtateſmen who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay—

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards, even beyond the miſer's wiſh, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains—this wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful product ſtill the ſame:
Not ſo the loſs—the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green:
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies;
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleaſure all,
In barren ſplendor feebly waits the fall.

As ſome fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd;
But verging to decline, its ſplendors riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe;

While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city ſped—what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe;
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way:
The dome where pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies!
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn:

Now loſt to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhow'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet Auburn—thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread!

Ah! no. To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between—
Thro' torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each ſtep, the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake!
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men, more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies:
Far different theſe from every former ſcene—
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.

Good heav'n! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd, in vain,
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And, ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep!
The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury! thou curſt by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions, with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land;
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale—
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand;
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety, with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit, in theſe degenerate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue—fare thee well!—
Farewell! and, oh, where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow—
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth; with thy perſuaſive ſtrain,
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that ſtates, of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;

That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

" But now the ſounds of population fail---
" No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale---
" No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
" But all the bloomy flush of life is fled;
" All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
" That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
" She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
" To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
" To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
" To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
" She only left of all the harmleſs train,
" The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain."

Def. Vil. p. 45.

# THE HERMIT;

OR,

## EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A BALLAD.

" Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper cheers the vale
" With hoſpitable ray;

" For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow,
" Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my ſon," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
" For yonder phantom only flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here, to the houſeleſs child of want,
" My door is open ſtill;
" And though my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows—
" My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free
" To ſlaughter I condemn—
" Taught by that Power that pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring—
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, Pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego—
" All earth-born cares are wrong—
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell:
The grateful ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far ſhelter'd in a glade obſcure
The modeſt manſion lay—
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care—
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning reſt,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt;

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
  And gaily preſt and ſmil'd!
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
  The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around, in ſympathetic mirth,
  Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
  The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
  To ſoothe the ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
  And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the Hermit ſpy'd,
  With anſwering care oppreſt:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
  "The ſorrows of thy breaſt?

"From better habitation ſpurn'd,
  "Reluctant doſt thou rove?
"Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
  "Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
  "Are trifling, and decay!
"And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
  "More trifling ſtill than they.

"And what is friendſhip but a name—
  "A charm that lulls to ſleep—
"A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
  "And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is ſtill an emptier ſound—
" The modern fair-one's jeſt;
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth—thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid;
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view—
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms—
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms!

" And, ah! forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cried;
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where heaven and you reſide:

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy Lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine—
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came,
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
" Among the reſt, young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had—
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſoms opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine!

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain—

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride,
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn,
" In ſecret, where he died!

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay;

" And there forlorn, deſpairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die—
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt!

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear—
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee!

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part?
" My life—my all that's mine!

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true,
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

# RETALIATION.

## A POEM.

[Dr. Goldſmith, and the Gentlemen characteriſed in this Poem, occaſionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-houſe.—One day it was propoſed to write Epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and perſon, furniſhed ſubjects of witticiſm. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting produced this Poem. It was firſt printed in the year 1774, after the Author's death.]

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our landlord* ſupplies us with beef, and with fiſh;
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our dean† ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;
Our Burke‡ ſhall be tongue, with the garniſh of brains;
Our Will§ ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick‖ with his pepper ſhall heighten the ſavour;
Our Cumberland's¶ ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And Douglas** is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain;
Our Garrick's†† a ſallad—for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:

* The maſter of the St. James's Coffee-houſe.

† Dr. Bernard, dean of Derry, in Ireland.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke.

§ Mr. William Burke, ſecretary to General Conway.

‖ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

¶ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the Weſt Indian, and other dramatic pieces.

** Dr. Douglas, canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a citizen of the world, than a ſound critic, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.

†† David Garrick, eſq.

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge* is anchovy, and Reynolds† is lamb;
That Hickey's‡ a capon; and, by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith a gooſeberry fool.
At a dinner ſo various—at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt?
Here, waiter, more wine—let me ſit while I'm able,
Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean§, reunited to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt—
At leaſt, in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd em,
That ſly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund‖, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade Tommy Townſhend¶ to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit—
Too nice for a ſtateſman—too proud for a wit—
For a patriot, too cool—for a drudge, diſobedient—
And too fond of the right to purſue the expedient.

* Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar.
† Sir Joſhua Reynolds.
‡ An eminent attorney.
§ Vide page 63.
‖ Vide page 63.
¶ Mr. T. Townſhend, member for Whitchurch.

In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, ſir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
Here lies honeſt William,* whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along—
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſey, the chariot drove home:
Would you aſk for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.
Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at—
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What ſpirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb!†
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In ſhort, ſo provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;
But, miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.
Here Cumberland‡ lies, having acted his parts—
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be—not as they are:
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine—
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout:

* Vide page 63.

† Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of retributive juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

‡ Vide page 63.

His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt, and drew from himſelf?

Here Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack-bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines:
When ſatire and cenſure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety—I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds† ſhall be pious, our Kenricks‡ ſhall lecture;
Macpherſon§ write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle;
Our Townſhend‖ make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers¶ the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, deſcribe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man;

* Vide page 63.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakeſpeare."

§ James Macpherſon, eſq. who from the mere force of his ſtyle, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.

‖ Vide page 64.

¶ Vide page 63.

As an actor, confeſs'd without rival to ſhine—
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line;
Yet, with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,
And beplaſter'd with rouge his own natural red:
On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting—
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day—
Tho' ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick:
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.
Of praiſe, a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;
Till his reliſh, grown callous almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind—
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind:
Ye Kenricks*, ye Kellys†, and Woodfalls‡ ſo grave,
What commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roſcius'd, and you were beprais'd!
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the ſkies:
Thoſe poets who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will—
Old Shakeſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Behns be his Kellys above.

* Vide page 66.
† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of Falſe Delicacy, &c. &c.
‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

Here Hickey* reclines, a moſt blunt pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good nature;
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer?
I anſwer, no, no,—for he always was wiſer:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye—
He was—could he help it?—a ſpecial attorney.

Here Reynolds† is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind:
His pencil was ſtriking, refiſtleſs, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly fleering,
When they judg'd without ſkill, he was ſtill hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,
He ſhifted his trumpet‡, and only took ſnuff.

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

Here Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Tho' he merrily liv'd§, he is now a grave man:

* Vide page 64.

† Vide page 64.

‡ Sir Joſhua Reynolds was ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.

§ Mr. W. was ſo notorious a punſter, that Dr. Goldſmith uſed to ſay it was impoſſible to keep him company without being infected with an itch for punning.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who reliſh'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whoſe temper was generous, open, ſincere—
A ſtranger to flatt'ry, a ſtranger to fear;
Who ſcatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whoſe daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free—
A ſcholar, yet ſurely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that ſo lib'ral a mind
Should ſo long be to Newſpaper Eſſays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the ſummit of ſcience could ſoar,
Yet content "if the table he ſet in a roar;"
Whoſe talents to fill any ſtation was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall* confeſs'd him a wit.

Ye newſpaper witlings! ye pert ſcribbling folks!
Who copied his ſquibs, and re-echo'd his jokes—
Ye tame imitators, ye ſervile herd, come,
Still follow your maſter, and viſit his tomb;
To deck it, bring with you feſtoons of the vine,
And copious libations beſtow on his ſhrine;
Then ſtrew all around it (you can do no leſs)
*Croſs-readings*, *Ship-news*, and *Miſtakes of the Preſs*.†

Merry Whitefoord, farewell!—for thy ſake I admit
That a Scot may have humor—I had almoſt ſaid wit;
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuſe,
"Thou beſt humor'd man with the worſt humor'd muſe."

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiſer.

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under thoſe titles in the Public Advertiſer.

## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

### A POETICAL EPISTLE—TO LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my lord, for your veniſon—for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmoak'd in a platter:
The haunch was a picture for painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy;
Tho' my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhewn to my friends as a piece of *virtu*—
As in ſome Iriſh houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a ſhow;
But, for eating a raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pauſe—don't I hear you pronounce
This tale of the bacon's damnable bounce;
Well, ſuppoſe it a bounce—ſure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce—I proteſt, in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordſhip may aſk Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was truſty and ſtaunch—
So I cut it, and ſent it to Reynolds undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt.
Of the neck and the breaſt I had next to diſpoſe—
'Twas a neck and a breaſt that might rival Monroe's:

* Lord Clare's nephew.

But in parting with theſe, I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love veniſon—I know they love beef:
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh, let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets, who ſeldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt—
It's like ſending them ruffles, when wanting a ſhirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himſelf, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-ſpoken fellow was he,
And he ſmil'd as he look'd at the veniſon and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
"Your own, I ſuppoſe—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whoſe ſhould it be?"—cry'd I, with a flounce;
"I get theſe things often"—but that was a bounce:
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,
"Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate oſtentation."
"If that be the caſe then," cry'd he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this houſe in my way:
"To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
"No words—I inſiſt on't—preciſely at three:
"We'll have Johnſon, and Burke, all the wits will be there;
"My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my Lord Clare.
"And, now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner,
"We wanted this veniſon to make out a dinner.
"What ſay you—a paſty—it ſhall, and it muſt;
"And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for cruſt.
"Here, porter, this veniſon with me to Mile-end;
"No ſtirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"

Thus ſnatching his hat, he bruſh'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,
And "nobody with me at ſea but myſelf;"*
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hafty,
Yet Johnſon, and Burke, and a good veniſon paſty,
Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife:
So next day, in due ſplendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd cloſet juſt twelve feet by nine)
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnſon and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cry'd, "both eternally fail,
"The one with his ſpeeches, and t'other with Thrale;
"But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party
"With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty:
"The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew—
"They both of them merry, and authors like you;
"The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
"Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he deſcrib'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.
At the top a fry'd liver and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;
At the ſides there was ſpinnage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter averſion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Perſian;

* See the letters that paſſed between his Royal Highneſs Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Groſvenor—1769.

So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d—'d Scottiſh rogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles, and his brogue,
And, "madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poiſon,
" A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
" Pray a ſlice of your liver, though may I be curſt,
" But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt."
" The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
" I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in a week:
" I like theſe here dinners, ſo pretty and ſmall;
" But your friend there the doctor eats nothing at all."
" O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
" He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
" There's a paſty"—"A paſty!" repeated the Jew;
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
" What the de'il, mon, a paſty!" re-echo'd the Scot;
" Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that."
" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out;
" We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we reſolv'd, and the paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrify'd, enter'd the maid!
A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night!
But we quickly found out—for who could miſtake her—
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the baker;
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven
Had ſhut out the paſty on ſhutting his oven!
Sad Philomel thus—but let ſimilies drop—
And, now that I think on't, the ſtory may ſtop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour miſplac'd,
To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;

You've got an odd ſomething—a kind of diſcerning—
A reliſh—a taſte—ſicken'd over by learning;
At leaſt it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,
You may make a miſtake, and think ſlightly of this.

## A DESCRIPTION

### OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red-Lion ſtaring o'er the way,
Invites each paſſing ſtranger that can pay—
Where Calvert's butt, and Parſons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs ſnug,
The Muſe found Scroggen ſtretch'd beneath a rug!
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly ſhew'd the ſtate in which he lay;
The ſanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures ſpread;
The Royal Game of Gooſe was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew;
The Seaſons, fram'd with liſting, found a place,
And brave Prince William ſhew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen deſire
The ruſty grate unconſcious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was ſcor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dreſs'd the chimney-board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows inſtead of bay,
A cap by night—a ſtocking all the day!

## THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domeſtic ſtrife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowſhip at twenty-five
Made him the happieſt man alive—
He drank his glaſs, and crack'd his joke,
And Freſhmen wonder'd as he ſpoke.
  Such pleaſures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's ſhaft at length transfix
Our ſwain, arriv'd at thirty-ſix?
Oh! had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to ſlop
At triumphs in a Fleet-ſtreet ſhop!
Oh! had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
Oh!—But let exclamation ceaſe—
Her preſence baniſh'd all his peace:
So, with decorum all things carry'd,
Miſs frown'd, and bluſh'd, and then was—marry'd.
  Need we expoſe to vulgar ſight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains, clos'd around?
Let it ſuffice, that each had charms—
He claſp'd a goddeſs in his arms,

And, though she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.
The honey-moon like lightning flew—
The second brought its transports too—
A third, a fourth, were not amiss—
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay—
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind—
That very face had robb'd her mind!
Skill'd in no other arts was she
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle:
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace—
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapt her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting—
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations:
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;

While all their hours were paſs'd between
Inſulting repartee or ſpleen.
Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarſer grown;
He fancies every vice ſhe ſhews
Or thins her lip, or points her noſe—
Whenever rage or envy riſe,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but ſo it is,
Her face was grown a knowing phiz;
And tho' her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooſe,
As each a diff'rent way purſues,
While ſullen or loquacious ſtrife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire diſeaſe, whoſe ruthleſs pow'r
Withers the beauty's tranſient flow'r:
Lo! the ſmall-pox, whoſe horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair—
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face!

The glaſs grown hateful to her ſight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art ſhe vainly tries
To bring back luſtre to her eyes:
In vain ſhe tries her paſte and creams,
To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The 'ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And even the captain quit the field.

[illegible] now condemn'd to hack
[illegible] with anxious Jack,
[illegible] daily flown,
[illegible] leaving him alone.
[illegible] was charmed to behold
[illegible] surpass the old;
[illegible] cheeks are dy'd,
[illegible] distance pride;
[illegible] is seen
[illegible] beauty clean:
[illegible] charming in her way,
[illegible] gains new nature every day—
[illegible] and fresh as May.
[illegible] with a perfect beauty.

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## EPITAPH ON DR. PARNEL.

[illegible] Parnel's name,
[illegible] but not his fame.
[illegible] lay,
[illegible] pleasure's flowery way?
[illegible] his tuneful aid—
[illegible] gave him genius, was repaid.
[illegible] we bestow,
[illegible] of fame below—
[illegible] from his works shall rise,
[illegible] their poet in the skies.

## A NEW SIMILE.

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I ſought in vain to find
A likeneſs for the ſcribbling kind—
The modern ſcribbling kind, who write
In wit, and ſenſe, and nature's ſpite:
'Till, reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with ſomething there
To ſuit my purpoſe to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious—
Firſt pleaſe to turn to God Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the ſecond, page the tenth:
The ſtreſs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our ſimile.
Imprimis—pray obſerve his hat,
Wings upon either ſide—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why theſe denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather, very right;
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed:
A juſt compariſon—proceed.
In the next place, his feet peruſe—
Wings grow again from both his ſhoes;
Deſign'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godſhip through the air;

And here my ſimile unites—
For in a modern poet's flights,
I'm ſure it may be juſtly ſaid,
His feet are uſeful as his head.
Laſtly, vouchſafe t'obſerve his hand,
Fill'd with a ſnake-encircled wand;
By claſſic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for ſeveral uſes:
To wit—moſt wond'rouſly endu'd,
No poppy water half ſo good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its ſoporific virtue's ſuch,
Tho' ne'er ſo much awake before,
That quickly they begin to ſnore;
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's ſouls to hell.
Now to apply begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The ſerpents round about, it twin'd
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy ſlaver, venom'd bites;
An equal ſemblance ſtill to keep,
Alike too both conduce to ſleep.
This diff'rence only, as the god
Drove ſouls to Tart'rus with his rod;
With his gooſe-quill the ſcribbling elf,
Inſtead of others, damns himſelf.
And here my ſimile almoſt tript,
Yet grant a word by way of poſtſcript—
Moreover, Merc'ry had a ſailing:
Well! what of that? out with it—ſtealing;

In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But even this deity's exiſtence
Shall lend my ſimile aſſiſtance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but ſenſeleſs ſtones and blocks?

## STANZAS

### ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTENING.

Sure 'twas by Providence deſign'd,
Rather in pity, than in hate,
That he ſhould be, like Cupid, blind,
To ſave him from Narciſſus' fate.

### ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can ſoothe her melancholy,
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom—is, to die.

## THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind:
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smiglefius,
By ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
*Homo eſt ratione preditum*;
But for my ſoul I cannot credit 'em,
And muſt in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon, boaſting mortal's pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em—
*Deus eſt anima brutorum.*
Whoever knew an honeſt brute
At law his neighbour proſecute,
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as deareſt friend a foe;

They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter-row:
No judges, fidlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds;
No ſingle brute his ſellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape;
Like man, he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate;
View him ſoon after, to inferiors,
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors—
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators—
At court, the porters, laqueys, waiters,
Their maſters' manners ſtill contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act:
Thus, at the court, both great and ſmall
Behave alike—for all ape all.

## AN ELEGY

### ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wonderous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſlington there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he ran—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad—
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be—
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends—
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad
To every chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they ly'd—
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

## AN ELEGY
### ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning,
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, in ſilks and ſatins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize;
She never ſlumber'd in her pew—
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her love was fought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himſelf has follow'd her—
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The doctors found when ſhe was dead—
Her laſt diſorder mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

## STANZAS

### ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her ſoul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleaſure ſtart.

O, Wolfe! to thee a ſtreaming flood of woe,
Sighing, we pay, and think even conqueſt dear—
Quebec in vain ſhall teach the breaſt to glow,
Whilſt thy ſad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And ſaw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they ſhall know thou conquereſt, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thouſand heroes riſe.

## SONGS.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppreſt oppreſſing,
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.

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INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

AH, me! when ſhall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a ſmile ſhall my paſſion diſcover.
She that gives all to the falſe one purſuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loſes a lover.

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FROM THE ORATORIO OF CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

## PROLOGUE

### TO THE TRAGEDY OF ZOBEIDE.

In theſe bold times, when Learning's ſons explore
The diſtant climates, and the ſavage ſhore;
When wiſe *aſtronomers* to India ſteer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botaniſts*, all cold to ſmiles and dimpling,
Forſake the fair, and patiently—go ſimpling;
Our bard into the general ſpirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures:
With *Scythian* ſtores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way ſteers his courſe, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands, he 'as order'd me before,
To make an obſervation on the ſhore.
Where are we driven?—Our reck'ning ſure is loſt!
This ſeems a rocky and a dangerous coaſt.
Lord! what a ſultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-forboding cloud ſeems big with thunder!
*(Upper Gallery.)*
There mangroves ſpread, and larger than I've ſeen 'em—
*(Pit.)*
Here trees of ſtately ſize, and billing turtles in 'em—
*(Balconies.)*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— *(Stage.)*
And apples, bitter apples ſtrew the ground:
*(Taſting them.)*
The inhabitants are canibals I fear:
I heard a hiſſing—there are ſerpents here!
O, there the people are—beſt keep my diſtance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves aſſiſtance:
Our ſhip's well ſtor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader:

This is his firſt adventure—lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade:
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What! no reply to promiſes ſo ample!—
I'd beſt ſtep back—and order up a ſample.

## A PROLOGUE*,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS,
A ROMAN KNIGHT,
WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

WHAT! no way left to ſhun th' inglorious ſtage,
And ſave from infamy my ſinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppreſs'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my ſteps aſide—
Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,
With honeſt thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour diſperſes all my ſtore,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæſar perſuades—ſubmiſſion muſt be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itſelf obeys,
Hopeleſs of pleaſing, yet inclin'd to pleaſe.
Here then at once I welcome every ſhame,
And cancel at threeſcore a life of fame;
No more my titles ſhall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

* Preſerved by Macrobius—tranſlated and printed in 1759.

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES, AT HIS BENEFIT,
IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonſenſe;
I'd ſpeak a word or two, to eaſe my conſcience.
My pride forbids it ever ſhould be ſaid,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head—
That I found humour in a pye-ball veſt,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jeſt.
*(Takes off his maſk.)*
Whence, and what art thou—viſionary birth?
Nature diſowns, and reaſon ſcorns thy mirth—
In thy black aſpect every paſſion ſleeps—
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How haſt thou fill'd the ſcene with all thy brood
Of fools purſuing, and of fools purſued;
Whoſe ins and outs no ray of ſenſe diſcloſes—
Whoſe only plot it is to break our noſes;
Whilſt from below the trap-door dæmons riſe,
And from above the dangling deities.
And ſhall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?—
May roſin'd light'ning blaſt me, if I do!
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the ſtage—
Shakeſpeare himſelf ſhall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings!—a new paſſion reigns—
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins!
Oh, for a Richard's voice to catch the theme—
"Give me another horſe!—bind up my wounds!"—
ſoft—'twas but a dream.
Aye—'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating—
If I ceaſe Harlequin, I ceaſe from eating.

'Twas thus that Æſop's ſtag—a creature blameleſs,
Yet ſomething vain, like one that ſhall be nameleſs—
Once on the margin of a fountain ſtood,
And cavil'd at his image in the flood:
'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'theſe drumſtick ſhanks,
'They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
'They're perfectly diſgraceful! ſtrike me dead!—
'But, for a head—yes, yes, I have a head.
'How piercing is that eye! how ſleek that brow!
'My horns!—I'm told horns are the faſhion now.'
Whilſt thus he ſpoke, aſtoniſh'd! to his view,
Near and more near, the hounds and huntſmen drew;
'Hoicks! hark forward!' came thund'ringfrom behind,
He bounds aloft, outſtrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He ſtarts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his ſilly head, ſo priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilſt his ſtrong limbs conſpire to ſet him free,
And at one bound he ſaves himſelf—like me.

*(Taking a jump through the ſtage-door.)*

## EPILOGUE

### TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiſer!
Our authoreſs ſure has wanted an adviſer.
Had ſhe conſulted me, ſhe ſhould have made
Her moral play a ſpeaking maſquerade;
Warm'd up each buſtling ſcene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the ſtage.

My life on't, this had kept her play from ſinking—
Have pleas'd our eyes, and ſav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, ſince ſhe thus has ſhewn her want of ſkill,
What if I give a maſquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! *(pauſing)* I've got my cue.
The world's a maſquerrde! the maſquers, you, you, you.
*(To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.)*
Lud! what a group the motley ſcene diſcloſes!
Falſe wits, falſe wives, falſe virgins, and falſe ſpouſes!
Stateſmen with bridles on; and, cloſe beſide 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd ſuits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raiſe a flame in Cupids of threeſcore.
Theſe in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deſerting fifty, faſten on fifteen.
Miſs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her ſampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin ſmiles, and ſpreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere ſhe's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and conſtant care
Is to ſeem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry ſpark, I fix my eye on,
Who ſeems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and ſwears, with round parade,
Looking, as who ſhould ſay, dam'me! who's afraid?
*(Mimicking.)*
Strip but this vizor off, and ſure I am
You'll find his lionſhip a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, beſtrides the ſtate;
Yet, when he deigns his real ſhape t' aſſume,
He turns old woman, and beſtrides a broom.

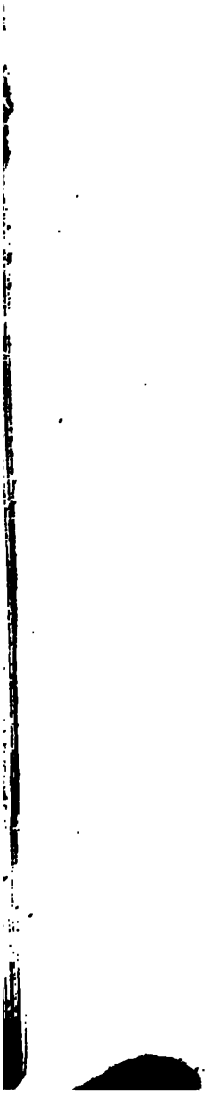
Yon patriot, too, who preſſes on your ſight,
And ſeems to every gazer, all in white—
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone;
Well then a truce, ſince ſhe requeſts it too—
Do you ſpare her; and I'll for once ſpare you.

## THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was deſir'd by two witty peers,
To tell them the reaſon why aſſes had ears?
'An't pleaſe you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
'Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
'Howe'er from this time I ſhall ne'er ſee your graces,
'As I hope to be ſav'd, without thinking on aſſes.'

## EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from miſery freed,
Who long was a bookſeller's hack—
He led ſuch a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wiſh to come back.

* Who tranſlated Voltaire's Henriade.

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